

# MICHIGAN FARMER

## AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

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### Agricultural.

#### NOTES BY THE WAY.

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#### THE DUCHESS FAMILY AS MILKERS.

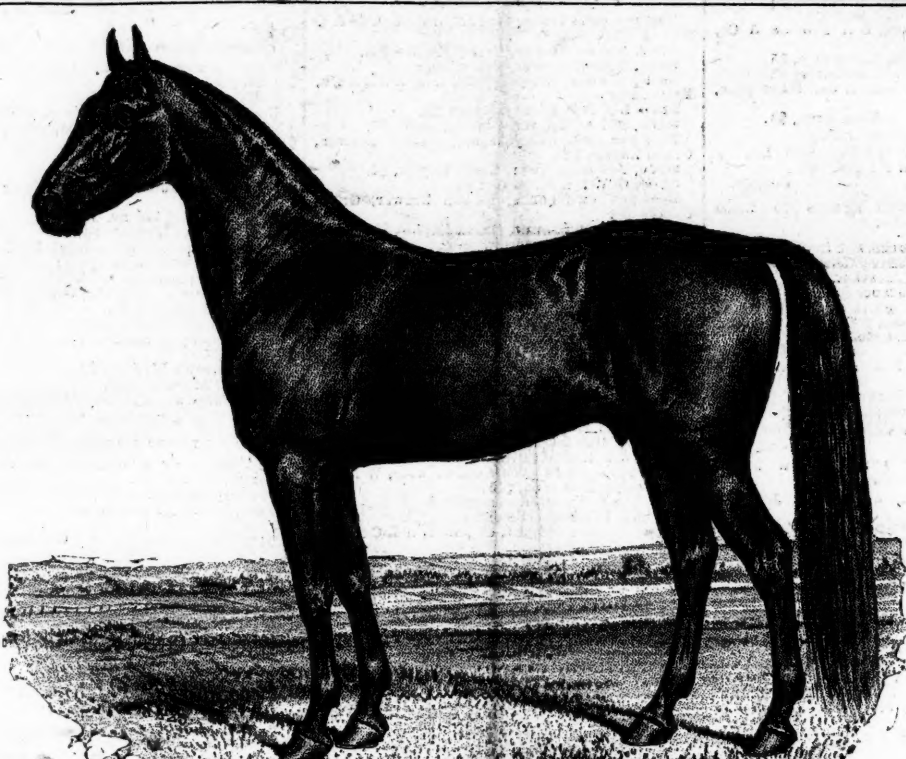
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

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Trotting Stallion Royal C. 2202, owned by M. Scalland, Clare, Mich.

#### SOME PRACTICAL THOUGHTS.

It will be remembered that last spring I recommended marking corn three feet eight inches apart, and gave as a reason that this distance divided up the spaces between the rows accurately, that 18 rows forty rods long made precisely an acre, which made it convenient in determining the amount of ground worked over in a day; and also that at this distance, a two horse cultivator would work the whole space between the rows without leaving a ridge in the middle undisturbed. I think I also stated that the nine rows cut into one row of shocks made it convenient to bank a couple of average rows of shocks, and by measuring the corn to determine the yield of the field. This year I cut up the corn nine hills square, and by accident, as it were, discovered that the rows made exactly 40 shocks. I figured a moment in my head, and found that the 3,240 hills to the acre (which I remembered) divided by the 40 shocks made 81 hills, so that whether the rows be long or short, if the corn is cut nine hills square every forty shocks will be an acre. There is no other division into rows so near the proper space for corn that will accurately survey the ground; and nine hills square, where the hills stand two or three stalks, make a better sized shock than a smaller number. Then by husking four contiguous hills, the weight or measure of the amount will give one-tenth of the produce of an acre. This is a much more satisfactory plan than the rough guess work of most farmers. I have husked a couple of loads from my field and have measured in several instances, and find that the shocks yield about two bushels of ears each. It may be remembered that after planting I said I had aimed to have only two stalks to the hill. The field will scarcely average that. The ears are very uniform in size, however, and there are very few bunnies. I have just weighed some average ears, and find that it takes between fourteen and fifteen to make ten pounds. If, when they get dried more thoroughly it takes sixteen, the ears will average ten ounces each. The computation is easily made from the number of hills to the acre, with two stalks to the hill, and an average ear on each stalk. It will give 37.8 bushels, or 70 lbs. to the acre. I give this to show what two stalks to the hill is capable of doing, than as an exact measure of my yield, for I think it to be somewhat less.

In cutting the corn, I wished to be accurate and so I went through on the center row, and cut up a bundle and thoroughly bound it to the center hill, around which the man followed and set the shocks. This center bundle is now already bound when we come to husk, and the shocks are every one as upright as when placed in position five weeks ago. The stalks are straight to handle, and bright for fodder, while a neighbor's field, where six men cut nineteen acres in a little more than a day and a half, placing the stalks in the angle of four hills tied together to hold them, is in a bad plight. The shocks look to compare great things by small like a fork full of coarse manure thrown on the ground. If it pays to cut corn at all, it pays to set it up that it cannot sag over and wet through. Down shocks must be nearly ruined by the recent rains, and the ears that lie on the earth must become sprouted before all will be husked out.

I have recently passed by some fields of corn planted on worn out and abandoned farms, which set me to thinking whether the season had been so very favorable as to induce a growth under adverse conditions or whether the several years' rest and a partial covering of grass had worked the miracle, for the corn was a good fair average crop, for average years. No doubt the result is due to both influences, and largely to the first. I think there is a natural recuperation constantly going on in the soil—that no soil can be wholly

worn out so that it will grow no crop at all. It will get down to where it will produce a uniform crop from year to year, such a crop as the recuperating influences of nature can provide for, and no greater. From what source this annual supply comes, I am unable to certainly foresee, but rootlets are decaying each year, insects enter the ground to die, or to cast their coverings, descending rains doubtless leave a portion of their salts, winds and storms drift debris from more fertile fields, and this never ceases although man stops his labor. I presume this last is done in wisdom, for the uniform crop on worn soil may be so small as to impoverish the tenant, but it is encouraging to know that worn lands do not grow poorer if left alone. Take these fields alluded to, and seed them with some spring crop, or sow the clover seed by itself, and the field is helped mightily in its efforts at recuperation, but the difficulty is that poor farming makes poor farms. Some persons who see the present success, will be encouraged to think that another good crop can be grown on the same field, or that it only needs deep plowing, some peculiar culture or some other nonsense to grow big crops, and so the poor field will return to poverty again in a year or two, while it will take five years for nature to heal its distress.

If nature helps the poor field to become rich, the chances for its aid to the good farmer are greater still. The one talent that was hid in the earth, is given to him that has ten, and the ten multiply to themselves again. This allegory has its counterpart in every community, where good and poor farming exist side by side. Industry intelligently applied is rewarded while the ravager of the soil gradually starves.

#### AMERICAN DAIRY SHOW.

Great Exhibition.—Butter and Cheese.

The dairymen of the country, after repeated efforts, have succeeded in establishing an annual exhibition of dairy products and dairy cattle, at Chicago, that will creditably represent this important industry.

The forthcoming exhibition of dairy products to be held in connection with the American Fat Stock show is attracting the attention of dairymen in all the States where any considerable attention is paid to the manufacture of butter and cheese.

The regular premiums provided by the Illinois State Board of Agriculture, for dairy stock and butter and cheese and the special premiums given by the friends of the dairy show aggregate over \$3,500. The premiums provided for the dairy exhibit are liberal and will insure a large show of the best butter and cheese that can be made in this country. The extent of the inducements offered may be judged by the number and amount of premiums that a package of butter may be entered for. A package of fifty pounds of creamery butter made in Illinois can be entered for the following premiums, viz:

Butter made at any time during the year, \$25, pro rata share of \$300; sweepstakes for best package of butter, \$50; best package of butter made in Illinois, \$10; special prize of \$100 offered by the National Butter and Cheese Association; special prize of \$100 offered by Giles Bros., of Chicago; special prize of \$50 offered by the De Laval Cream Separator Company of New York; special prize of \$50 offered by the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago; special prize of \$40 offered by Cornish & Curtis, of Fort Atkinson, Wis.; and \$50 offered by the Illinois Dairymen's Association, making a grand total of \$875 that may be competed for by a single package of 50 pounds of butter made in that State.

Similar exhibits of butter made in other States are eligible to compete for all the regular and special premiums named above, excepting the special premium offered by the Illinois Dairymen's Association, which is limited to butter made in that State. Iowa exhibitors are fortunate in having an enterprising State Dairy-

men's Association, which has provided a special premium of \$50 for best fifty pounds of butter on exhibition and made in Iowa.

The cheese makers have been very liberally provided for, and the handsome premiums offered by the managers of the American Fat Stock and Dairy Show will ensure the largest show of all the varieties of cheese ever exhibited in America.

It will be seen below that a lot of 50 pounds of full cream cheese made in Illinois can complete for over \$500 in regular and special premiums, viz:

Best cheese made at any time, \$25; best full cream cheese, \$15; best cheese made in Illinois, Chicago special \$10; pro rata share of \$300; sweepstakes, \$50; special prize, \$55, Anderson Steamer, offered by Charles P. Willard & Co., Chicago; special prize \$13, Higgins Eureka Salt, offered by Charles P. Willard & Co., Chicago; special prize, \$50, offered by the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago; special prize, \$50, offered by Palmer House, Chicago; and special prize, \$14, New England Root Cutler, offered by J. C. Vaughan, Chicago.

Dairymen should bear in mind that the exhibition will be held in the Exposition Building, Chicago, November 10-19, 1885, and that entries close November 1, 1885.

#### HOLSTEIN-FRIESIANS.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Believing that all progressive dairymen and farmers generally will be interested in the remarkable yearly average milk records made by our entire herd of Holstein-Friesian cows, we take the liberty of mailing you the following condensed statement: We have milked through the past year 20 cows whose records average 15,567 lbs. nine ozs. This includes every mature cow and every four year old which has completed her year's record. During the same time 15 two year olds averaged 12,307 lbs. eight ozs., and 24 two year olds, all that have completed their year's records, have averaged 10,810 lbs. This list includes two heifers whose years are not completed.

By reviewing the records of our herd we find that it now contains three cows whose yearly records average 20,051 lbs. 7 ozs., 10 cows whose yearly records average 15,116 lbs. 7 1/2 ozs., and 26 cows whose yearly records average 16,016 lbs. 1 oz. This list includes 12 mature cows, nine four year olds, three three year olds and two two year olds.

As an evidence of the influence of high breeding, as indicated by milk records, we will say that ten of the above list are of the Aagie family, seven of Netherland family, two of Aegis family, two of Clothilde family and five of all other families combined.

We are milking this season more cows than ever before and our records promise to surpass those of any former year.

The following averages, including our entire milking herd, giving the highest daily yield of each, will convey an idea of what our cows are doing: Five cows averaged 85 lbs. 7 1/2 ozs.; 11 cows averaged 78 lbs. 11 1/2 ozs.; 28 cows, entire number of mature cows, averaged 70 lbs. 13 1/4 ozs.; five four year old heifers averaged 75 lbs. 14 1/2 ozs.; 18 four year olds, entire herd, averaged 63 lbs. 4 1/2 ozs.; 11 three year olds averaged 57 lbs. 4 1/2 ozs.; 24 two year olds, entire herd, averaged 69 lbs. 3 1/2 ozs.; 44 two year olds averaged 60 lbs. 2 1/2 ozs.; 66 two year olds, entire herd, averaged 44 lbs. 11 7/8 ozs.

Yours truly,  
SMITHS, POWELL & LAMB.

The total area in wheat in European Russia comprises 28,875,000 acres, and the aggregate yield ranges from 280,000,000 to 320,000,000 bushels. Rye is the principal cereal crop grown there, but it is used largely for distilling purposes. The average Russian acre little, but drinks enough of the most villainous whiskey manufactured to make up for it.

#### MERINOS AT AUCTION.

The Flock of J. H. Thompson of Grand Blanc, to be Closed Out.

On Friday, November 6th, the entire breeding flock of Merinos owned by Mr. J. H. Thompson, of Grand Blanc, will be sold without reserve. This flock is one of the most noted ones in Michigan, of straight Atwood blood, and individually characterized by a high order of merit. It was founded in 1874 (his previous flock having been sold out) by purchases from George F. and Peter Martin of East Rush, N. Y. Since then additions have been made to it by purchases from the flocks of D. R. Potter, St. Albans, Vt., S. S. Lusk of Victor, N. Y., tracing to the flocks of E. Townsend, George F. and Peter Martin, G. E. Townsend, C. R. Jones and E. S. Stowell, all of pure Atwood blood. The present flock consists of the larger part of these ewes and stock bred from them. In all it numbers 120 head, of which 75 are breeding ewes, 35 rams from one to three years old, a number of ram lambs, and his stock ram Lightning 736.

Of the rams used in this flock it is safe to say they have never been surpassed in breeding by any stock rams in the country, and have always been of a high standard individually. They include such noted ones as Bull Dog 105, by Green Mountain Jr. 68, out of a ewe sired by Dean's Little Wrinkly 58; L. P. Clark 207, by the noted General 204, dam by Kilpatrick 64; Lightning 736, by L. P. Clark 207, dam by Green Mountain 3d 113; Moses 739, by Moses 337, dam an Atwood ewe bred by C. J. Benedict, Arlington, Vt.; Aaron 740, by Moses 337, dam an Atwood ewe bred by C. J. Benedict, Arlington, Vt., and Ohio 847, sired by L. P. Clark 207, dam by Green Mountain 3d 113. The ram Lightning 736 has proved a fine stock sheep, and he has a nice line of young stock to represent him.

The breeding ewes are large, deep-bodied sheep, and in good shape. The quality of the young stock to be sold will be a guarantee of the value of the lines of blood concentrated in this flock. None of this stock should be allowed to leave the State, and those who are thinking of starting a flock of thoroughbreds will find in this sale an opportunity to reach well up to the head at the beginning. That they will sell below their true value is nearly certain, and in a year or two, when the Merino is again in its old position, those who purchase now will congratulate themselves upon their foresight. The rams to be sold will probably go at prices that breeders could not afford to raise them for.

In addition to his flock of sheep Mr. Thompson will sell a lot of high grade Hereford cattle, two fine farm teams and a lot of farm implements, which will be offered on Thursday. His farm is half a mile from the village of Grand Blanc. Catalogues with full particulars can be had on application to Mr. Thompson.

#### MICHIGAN FAIRS AND THE STATE SOCIETY.

During the past week the last of the fairs of 1885 have been held in different sections of our State. The growth of fairs during the past ten years has been something phenomenal. In former years we had the State Fair and a few organized county associations. Gradually the thing began to grow, and each county, almost, became the possessor of a fair. Then the district fairs were organized, and finally in several counties where the management of the societies did not come up to the ideas of some of the members, they went off and set up a township fair. In fact Michigan seems to have run wild on fairs. This season has been an exceptional one in the history of fairs. Nearly all have had the advantage of fine weather, and as a result, most of them have proved a success financially, the exceptions being some of the township fairs and the fair of the State Society.

The causes that have led to the failure of the State Fair have been growing for several years, and the result has been anticipated by many of the officers of the Society. We think the germ was sown, when the Society left Grand Rapids. The people there organized a district society; the Lansing Association then extended the territory of her district, and finally the Northeastern was formed. Each of these fairs has proved successful, and all have a balance on the right side of the ledger. That these organizations have drawn heavily on the State Society for their support, cannot be successfully controverted, and that the interest in them will grow to the detriment of the State Society must be apparent to any one who has taken the trouble to study the question. If matters continue in the same way as at present it is only a question of a short time when, instead of representing the State, it will only represent the section of country in which it is held. Many things have led to this state of affairs; but we do not in this article propose to argue them. The principal cause we think has been a spirit of jealousy that has grown up between the State and district associations. The officers of at least two of the district societies claim that the State Society has ignored

them, and instead of lending them any encouragement has gone out of the State to aid foreign societies. In this they refer to the action of the State Agricultural Society in organizing a circuit with Ohio and Indiana Associations.

Our interests are with the State and district fairs of Michigan, and we believe that matters could be so arranged that a series of fairs can be held in our State in 1886 that would prove a success financially and awaken an increased interest in the State Society. The first step to be taken in this direction is to organize a Michigan circuit. The fairs at Grand Rapids, Lansing and Flint should be held on succeeding weeks and then a grand wind-up at the State Fair. By this arrangement, people in all sections would take an interest in the fairs, and exhibitors would draw their friends with them to the State Fair. Another point to be taken into consideration would be the exhibit at the State Fair. Exhibitors who had competed at the district fairs and received no awards would drop out, and when the State Fair was reached only the best would be in competition. We believe this result can be accomplished by the State Society, and at their winter meeting representatives of the district societies should be invited and a programme agreed upon. We have conversed with many exhibitors this season on this subject, and all have given the plan spoken of their hearty approval. We also know that the officers of the district societies are heartily in accord with it, and all that is necessary to consummate it is for the State Society to meet them half way. Our columns are open for a full discussion of this question, and we hope to hear from many of our readers who are interested in it.

#### ANOTHER INQUIRY ABOUT BOHEMIAN OATS.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Will you please give me some information in regard to Bohemian oats? There is an agent here selling them at \$10 per bushel; he has sold to several of my neighbors and says the company has its headquarters at Ypsilanti. He claims they are chartered and backed up by the State of Michigan. Now I want to know if the State is backing up this concern in any shape or manner, and also if it is a swindling operation.

We believe there was a company chartered by the State authorities to handle Bohemian oats and that it is located at Ypsilanti. This makes the business no more legitimate than if not chartered. We have understood that the agents have been displaying the company's charter to parties whom they have solicited to purchase, and claimed that they were backed up by the State. Now, we have never heard of the State being interested in any legitimate private enterprise, much less a swindle of the Bohemian oats variety. In our last issue we gave a full exposure of the Ohio end of the business, and there is where it first originated.

We understand that arrangements are being made to perpetuate this system of business by parties who claim to sell "German barley." The people who are taken in by these enterprising companies are generally farmers who cannot afford to take a newspaper.

If you want "Bohemian" oats, and must have them, send to D. M. Ferry & Co., of this city, and get them for less than one-tenth the price charged by the company which is "backed by the State." It is our impression that when the business has run its course there will be a good many farmers in this State who will feel like shooting the man who uses the word "Bohemian" in their presence.

#### SHEEP IN FRANCE.

Our Paris correspondent says that it is asserted that the number of sheep is diminishing in Europe. This is attributed to more land being brought into arable cultivation, and cropped with roots and forage plants. But the total amount of meat and wool does not appear to have decreased. These observations apply especially to France since thirty years. There has been augmented consumption, but then also the population has increased. They are those regions which export sheep where the falling off is greatest. The experiments now taking place in the Jardin d'Acclimation of Paris, may in time remedy this decadence. Since 20 years the Chinese sheep have been introduced; they lamb twice a year; produce from four to six at a birth, and all healthy. It is now intended to present some of this breed to the experimental farms, to cross with the Merinos, and the result of France has "in no way" affected the wool property of the Chinese race of sheep.

An idea of the size of the sheep ranches in Montana and Wyoming may be had from the statement that the Warren Live Stock Company of Wyoming has on hand 40,000 head of sheep, besides 5,000 head of sheep which they now have fattening at Gibbon, Neb. These great western and northwestern ranges have for a good many weeks been sending vast numbers of sheep to market, and this accounts in a great measure for the very low prices now ruling.







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## MICHIGAN FARMER

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## The Michigan Farmer

STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1885.

This Paper is entered at the Detroit Post-office as second class matter.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

We have decided to reduce the price of the FARMER for 1886, and will send it on the following terms: To those subscribing now we will send the FARMER and Household until the first of January, 1887, for \$1.50. This will make nearly fifteen months' subscription for the price of twelve.

## TIME IS UP.

Our clubbing arrangement with the Free Press closed on the 20th inst. All subscriptions sent in hereafter, must be at the old price, \$2.25.

## WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 335,931 bu., against 454,210 bu., the previous week and 337,170 bu. for corresponding week in 1884. Shipments for the week were 212,077 bu. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 1,743,213 bu., against 1,653,364 last week and 607,897 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. The visible supply of this grain on October 17 was 45,179,493 bu., against 44,091,843 the previous week, and 31,010,310 bu. at corresponding date in 1884. This shows an increase over the amount reported the previous week of 1,084,640 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending October 17 were 348,943 bu., against 459,634 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 4,412,975 bu., against 12,081,754 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1884.

There has been little encouragement for holders in the course of the market for the past week. With large receipts, a meager export demand and a heavy increase in the "visible supply," values declined from day to day until the lowest points touched for a long time on spot wheat, 90c for No. 1 white and 92c for No. 2 red, were reached on Saturday, with the market weak at the close. Yesterday this market opened stronger with an advance of about 3c over Saturday's prices, but weakened under reports of a further increase of the "visible supply," and declined about 1c from opening prices. Later it became stronger through the "bear" element getting scared at war rumors and purchasing to cover their contracts. At the close an advance of 1c 1/2 was established as compared with Saturday's closing figures. Chicago was active, nervous, and unsettled, with rapid fluctuations, finally closing 1c 1/2 higher than on Saturday. Spot No. 2 spring closed at 85c, No. 3 do. at 78c, No. 3 red at 84c, and No. 3 red at 79c. Toledo was quiet and steady, with the No. 2 soft at 94c for spot, and 95c for December. Liverpool was steady, but the demand was light and supply large. Quotations there yesterday were 7s. 1d. to 7s. 4d. for California Club, 7s. 4d. for white Michigan, 7s. 3d. for winter, and 7s. 3d. for spring.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from October 10 to October 26:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 3
	white	white	red	red
Oct. 10	92 1/2	90 1/2	88 1/2	86 1/2
11	92 1/2	90 1/2	88 1/2	86 1/2
12	92 1/2	90 1/2	88 1/2	86 1/2
13	92 1/2	90 1/2	88 1/2	86 1/2
14	92 1/2	90 1/2	88 1/2	86 1/2
15	92 1/2	90 1/2	88 1/2	86 1/2
16	92 1/2	90 1/2	88 1/2	86 1/2
17	92 1/2	90 1/2	88 1/2	86 1/2
18	92 1/2	90 1/2	88 1/2	86 1/2
19	92 1/2	90 1/2	88 1/2	86 1/2
20	92 1/2	90 1/2	88 1/2	86 1/2
21	92 1/2	90 1/2	88 1/2	86 1/2
22	92 1/2	90 1/2	88 1/2	86 1/2
23	92 1/2	90 1/2	88 1/2	86 1/2
24	92 1/2	90 1/2	88 1/2	86 1/2
25	92 1/2	90 1/2	88 1/2	86 1/2
26	92 1/2	90 1/2	88 1/2	86 1/2

The following table gives the closing figures on No. 1 white futures each day of the past week for the various dates:

	Nov.	Dec.	May
Tuesday	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2
Wednesday	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2
Thursday	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2
Friday	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2
Saturday	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2
Sunday	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the various dates each day of the past week were as follows:

	Nov.	Dec.	May
Tuesday	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2
Wednesday	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2
Thursday	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2
Friday	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2
Saturday	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2
Sunday	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2

The reaction noticed in the markets the past week has also affected those abroad, and at the moment there is a dull and listless tone to the trade at all the principal trade centers. Those who bought on the strength of European political complication and the likelihood of a war, have been sellers the past week. But for all that our faith in the ultimate outcome of the market does not flag a moment. The recent advance was not in accordance

with the opinions of the FARMER, as frequently expressed, and the decline therefore was not unexpected. It is too early yet in the crop year for wheat to advance in the face of such large receipts and stocks and a light demand from foreign countries. The only thing that could sustain the market, as we have before pointed out, was a European war, and the great powers are too much afraid of each other to allow one to begin between those little two-for-a-cent kingdoms, Bulgaria and Serbia, when it can be stopped by a simple order to those governments. Of course Great Britain knows that Russia, true to her policy, is anxious to stir up Southern Europe that she may profit by it, but Austria, France, Germany and Great Britain do not seem to be in fighting humor at present, and Russia dare not oppose their flat single-handed. Do not, therefore, build upon the idea of a European war, for it is ten chances to one you will be disappointed. But, none the less, we believe wheat will certainly sell at higher prices before the crop year is more than half over, that the advance will be a legitimate one based upon the light crops, and that farmers will only add to the present weakness of the market by forcing their crops upon it while the trade is in its present unsatisfactory condition. It is dollars to cents that your wheat will bring a better price later on.

## CORN AND OATS.

## CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 616 bu., against 6,974 bu. the previous week, and 13,279 bu. for corresponding week in 1884. Shipments were 4,068 bu. The visible supply in the country on Oct. 17 amounted to 4,327,123 bu., against 5,195,931 bu. the previous week, and 6,148,859 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week of 368,908 bu. The exports for Europe the past week were 853,839 bu., against 952,981 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 6,098,034 bu., against 1,017,680 bu. for the corresponding period in 1884. The stocks now held in this city amount to 10,563 bu., against 15,843 bu. last week and 11,515 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. Corn is weak in sympathy with wheat, but values seem to be maintained. No. 2 is selling here at 44c per bu. for No. 2 spot, and 38c bid for January. Receipts have been very light all week and stocks are pretty well cleared up. The Chicago market has declined during the week, but seems to be a little firmer. No. 2 is selling there at 44c, October delivery at 44c, November at 39c, and the year at 36c. At Toledo corn is quiet and lower. Spot No. 2 is quoted at 44c, November at 41c, and the year at 37c per bu. Stocks of old corn are light, but the approach of the time when the new crop can be put in market makes buyers very conservative. The new crop is known to be an enormous one. The Kansas Agricultural Department report puts the crop of that State at 194,000,000 bu., being over 50,000,000 bu. more than last year. In fact good corn crops are the rule in all the great growing states. The Liverpool market is reported steady with a fair demand. Quotations there are 4s. 6d. 1/2 per cent for western mixed, 4s. 6d. for October delivery, 4s. 6d. for November and 4s. 6d. for December.

## OATS.

The receipts of oats in this market the past week were 27,600 bu., against 25,510 bu. the previous week, and 20,678 bu. for the corresponding week in 1884. The shipments were 12,498 bu. The visible supply of this grain on Oct. 17 was 5,345,980 bu., against 4,707,712 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. Stocks in this city on Monday amounted to 47,302 bu., against 45,179 bu. the previous week, and 51,671 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. The exports for Europe the past week were 185,080 bu., and for the last eight weeks were 2,062,032 bu., against 283,910 bu. for the corresponding weeks in 1884. The visible supply shows an increase of 150,913 bu. during the week. The demand is rather light, and under fair receipts values have weakened. Quotations are 29c at 30c per bu. for No. 2 white, No. 2 mixed at 28c, and light mixed at 26c per bu. The Chicago market is quiet and steady but a shade lower than a week ago. Spot No. 2 is quoted at 25c, October delivery at 24c, November at 23c, and May at 20c. By sample sales were made at 25c 3/4 for No. 3 white, 25c 3/4 for No. 2 white, and 25c 3/4 for No. 2 white. The Toledo market is very quiet, with spot No. 2 mixed at 27c, November delivery at 27c, and May at 21c. The New York market is quoted fairly active, with prices higher on some grades of white. Quotations there are as follows: No. 3 mixed, 29c; No. 2 do., 30c; No. 1 do., 31c; No. 2 Chicago mixed, 31c; No. 3 white, 32c; No. 2 do., 34c; No. 1 white, 38c; Western white, 34c; State white, 34c; State mixed, 31c.

## DAIRY PRODUCTS.

## BUTTER.

There is a quiet but steady market for all grades of good to choice table butter, but the lower grades are entirely neglected. Quotations on creamery range from 20 to 22c according to quality, good to choice dairy is in demand at 16c 1/2; fair table butter at 13c 1/2; low grade stock ranges from 8 to 10c. Very little dairy stock brings more than 16c from first hands. It is probable the market will become stronger as the season advances, although dealers in the interior are said to have large amounts of summer made stock on hand waiting for a good market to unload it on. The Chicago market is nearly bare of choice creamery butter, and that grade has been advanced 2c 3/4 during the past week; choice dairy is also higher, while all other grades are unchanged. Quotations there are as follows: Creamery, fancy, 22c 3/4; do. fair to good, 16c 1/2; common, 10c 1/2; dairy, fancy, 20c 3/4; do. choice, 10c 1/2; do. fair to good, 8c 1/2; common grades, 7c 1/2; inferior, 3c 1/2. The New York market has improved during the week, except on grades lacking in quality.

Choice stock has been advanced about 2c per lb., but the market has not been active at the higher price. Of the market the N. Y. Daily Bulletin of Saturday says: "Business was a little more active today in the fancy goods, the news of the advancing tendency and usual necessity for stock arising at the end of the week drawing in local customers and affording an outlet for about all the best goods. There is also a little further gain in the value of very top notch of quality, with 25c now quotable for State creamery pails, all the usual difference to grocers, or say 30c. At the latter rate, however, buyers have manifested an inclination to figure closer than ever to actual wants, and some have dropped back upon Western. The latter is worth 25c for the specials, but shows 25c for an average top State dairy tubs if very fine secure some attention at full rates, but entire dairies are slow, and there is only an irregular sort of demand for firkins, with 20c full top on the latter. On the balance of the supply of butter there does not appear to have been much of a market, and a great deal of uncertainty prevails as regards prices."

Quotations in that market yesterday were as follows:

Creamery, State, fancy, 25c	25c
Creamery, State, good, 23c	23c
Creamery, State, fair, 21c	21c
Creamery, ordinary, 18c	18c
June creamery, 15c	15c
State half-firkin tubs, 20c	20c
State half-firkin tubs, 18c	18c
State half-firkin tubs, 16c	16c
State half-firkin tubs, 14c	14c
State half-firkin tubs, 12c	12c
State half-firkin tubs, 10c	10c
State half-firkin tubs, 8c	8c
State half-firkin tubs, 6c	6c
State half-firkin tubs, 4c	4c
State half-firkin tubs, 2c	2c
State half-firkin tubs, 1c	1c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/2c	1/2c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/4c	1/4c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/8c	1/8c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/16c	1/16c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/32c	1/32c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/64c	1/64c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/128c	1/128c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/256c	1/256c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/512c	1/512c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/1024c	1/1024c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/2048c	1/2048c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/4096c	1/4096c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/8192c	1/8192c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/16384c	1/16384c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/32768c	1/32768c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/65536c	1/65536c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/131072c	1/131072c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/262144c	1/262144c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/524288c	1/524288c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/1048576c	1/1048576c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/2097152c	1/2097152c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/4194304c	1/4194304c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/8388608c	1/8388608c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/16777216c	1/16777216c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/33554432c	1/33554432c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/67108864c	1/67108864c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/134217728c	1/134217728c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/268435456c	1/268435456c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/536870912c	1/536870912c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/1073741824c	1/1073741824c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/2147483648c	1/2147483648c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/4294967296c	1/4294967296c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/8589934592c	1/8589934592c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/17179869184c	1/17179869184c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/34359738368c	1/34359738368c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/68719476736c	1/68719476736c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/137438953472c	1/137438953472c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/274877906944c	1/274877906944c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/549755813888c	1/549755813888c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/1099511627776c	1/1099511627776c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/2199023255552c	1/2199023255552c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/4398046511104c	1/4398046511104c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/8796093022208c	1/8796093022208c
State half-firkin tubs, 1/17592186044416c	1/17592186044416c
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State half-firkin tubs, 1/2475880078570760549798249216c	1/2475



**Foreign.**  
The Privy Council has dismissed the appeal of Louis R. leader of the half-breed insurrection in Canada, against the sentence of death passed by the Canadian courts.

Great secrecy is observed as to the movements of troops in Bulgaria, Serbia and Albania, and the risk upon the prompt transmission of accurate news. Important military movements are going on, but their nature cannot be disclosed.

There is trouble between English rule in India and King Theobald, of Burma. The Burmese troops are actively preparing to resist the advance of English troops to enforce the India government's claims upon Burma, but English officers profess to believe the campaign will be a short one.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

### AUCTION SALE

OF  
**Sheep, Cattle, Horses,**  
—AND—  
**FARM IMPLEMENTS.**

I will offer for sale on my farm at Grand Blanc, Mich., on

Friday and Saturday, November 5 & 6,

the following property, which will be sold without reserve: 120 head of registered Merino sheep, of which 100 are pure bred and 20 are cross bred, 35 are rams, ranging in age from lambs to three years old.

Twenty head of 3/4 and 1/2 grade Hereford cattle, among which are six young bulls nine months to a year old. These cattle were bred by Primm 901, by Victor 4th 899.

Two teams of grade Percherons, one of mares, the other of geldings.

Also a large assortment of farm implements, most of them nearly new.

TERMS: All sums under \$10, cash; over that amount, one year's credit on endorsed notes with seven per cent interest.

J. H. THOMPSON,  
Grand Blanc, Mich.

J. P. FOSTER & SON, Auctioneers.

## TWENTY

### BATES & BATES-TOPPED

#### BULLS.

We have the above number of grand young bulls of the following breeds: Come and see them. Don't miss them.

No fancy prices. I can suit you, both as to prices and individuals and you will see the largest number to select from ever offered in Michigan.

Among the lot are several pure bred Bulls bred by Primm 901, by Victor 4th 899.

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## THE MICHIGAN FARMER.

### DIRECTORY

#### Michigan Breeders

##### CATTLE—Shorthorns.

**CHANDLER**, breeder of Shorthorn cattle, the Shropshire and Essex swine. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. Jerome.

**D. DeGarmo**, Highland, Oakland Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. Young stock for sale at reasonable prices. my15-16

**E. ANDREWS**, Maple Valley Stock Farm, Williamstown, Ingham Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle and good families. Also agent for the celebrated Champion Creamer.

**J. COOK**, Owosso, breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Poland China swine and Shropshire sheep. Stock for sale. Write for prices and breeding. 030-551

**P. COOK**, Brooklyn, Jackson Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Good families represented. Stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**ARTHUR ANDERSON**, Montpelier, Allegan Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle, established 15 years, with Rome 2720 by 3rd Duke of Air and 1st Duke of Devonshire. Stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**BENJ. F. BATHURST**, Oscoda County, Livingston Co., Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd consists of Young Marys and Phyllis Young bulls and heifers for sale. Also Merino sheep. Terms reasonable. my15-16

**CHARLES F. MOORE**, breeder of pure bred Shorthorn cattle. St. Clair, Mich. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 030-551

**CHARLES FISHER**, Lakeside Stock Farm, Howell, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**CHIBBARD & SON**, Bennington, Shawansee Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Berkshire swine and Merino sheep. All stock recorded. Stock for sale. 030-551

**C. H. BACKUS**, Springdale Stock Farm, Williamstown, Ingham Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle and Merino sheep. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 030-551

**C. S. BROOKS**, Brighton, Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Poland China swine, Pomeranians, Flossies, etc. Also American Merino sheep and Poland China swine. Young stock for sale. 030-551

**DAVID P. WILCOX**, Forest Hill Stock Farm, Howell, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. Improved families. Write for prices. 030-551

**D. M. UHL**, Brookside Herd, Howell, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Choice making qualities for sale. Correspondence solicited. 030-551

**F. KELLEY**, Clay Ridge, Ionia Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**S. BURNETT**, Branchford, Shawansee Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle of the Ionia, Victoria and Straws families. Stock for sale. 030-551

**F. A. BRADEN**, Victoria Farm, Hancock Co., breeder of pure bred Shorthorn cattle of the Victoria, Stapleton Lass and Bates families with Lord Rotherham 4853 and 4854. Stock for sale. 030-551

**FRANK E. IVES**, Hickory Ridge Stock Farm, Usadilla, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**GEORGE W. STUART**, Grand Blanc, Genesee Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Registered Merino sheep, and Jersey Red Swine. Correspondence solicited. 030-551

**G. W. ARMS**, Portland, breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**G. W. TUFTS**, East Rapids, breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**HENRY LESTER**, Oakland Stock Farm, Howell, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**H. H. HINDS**, Montpelier, Allegan Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle and American Merino sheep. Stock for sale. 030-551

**H. H. H. ROSE**, Thompsonville Stock Farm, Howell, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle and pure Suffolk ewes. Young stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 030-551

**J. M. WHITAKER**, Hazelnut Ridge Farm, Lima, Washtenaw Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle and American Merino sheep. Stock for sale. 030-551

**J. A. DEVINE**, Holly, breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**JAMES D. BOUTFORD**, Oscoda County, Livingston Co., Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**B. J. BIDWELL**, Tecumseh, Mich.

### Greenwood Stock Farm

Poland-China Swine a Specialty.

I have a prime lot of March and April pigs that will be ready for shipping as soon as weaned. Stock recorded in Ohio Poland-China Record. Correspondence and orders solicited. Write for prices. 030-551

**E. G. BUELL**, Little Prairie, Cass Co., Mich.

### SHORTHORNS FOR SALE.

Three young bulls fit for service, well bred and good individual animals. Also some choice half bloods. Write for prices. 030-551

**JOHN P. DREW**, Jackson, breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**JOHN JOY**, Atlas, Genesee Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**JOHN MCKAY**, Rome, Macomb Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**JOSEPH SYKES**, North Plains Stock Farm, Howell, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**J. S. PAEY**, Hickory Ridge Stock Farm, Usadilla, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**KELLEY & PLINT**, Kelley's Corners, Lenawee Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**L. BROOKS**, Novi, Oakland Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**L. N. OLMEIST**, Burr Oak Farm, Muskegon Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**LUTHER H. JOHNSON**, Alpine Stock Farm, Howell, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**M. A. GROW**, Highland, Oakland Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**M. DAVIDSON**, Tecumseh, Lenawee County, breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**N. B. HAYES**, Eldorado Stock Farm, Howell, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**NORTON FITCH**, Sparta, Kent Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**OSHOW & SON**, Oakland Park Stock Farm, Howell, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**PHILLIPS BROTHERS**, Dexter, Washtenaw Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**RICHARD DOUGHERTY**, Prairie Valley Stock Farm, Colon, St. Joseph Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**SHORTHORNS Continued.**

**S. H. ELLINWOOD**, Rose Corners, P. O. address Fentonville, Genesee Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock of both sexes for sale. Correspondence will receive prompt attention. 030-551

**S. CHAFFEE**, Byron, Shawansee Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**W. E. BOYDEN**, proprietor Spring Brook Stock Farm, Delhi Mills, Washtenaw Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle and Merino sheep. Young stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 030-551

**W. G. WILSON**, Wilson, Oakland Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle, of the Kirklingwood, Rose of Sharon, Hilja, Cuckoo, Aylesbury Lady, Young family, Waterloo, Belle Phyllis, my15-16, Duchess of Sutherland, and other families. Herd headed by Bates bull Kirklingwood Lad and 4088, and Hero 4th 4890.

**W. M. BALL**, Lansing, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**W. M. FISHER & SON**, Woodland Stock Farm, Howell, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Rose of Sharon, Hilja, Cuckoo, Aylesbury Lady, Young family, Waterloo, Belle Phyllis, my15-16, Duchess of Sutherland, and other families. Herd headed by Bates bull Kirklingwood Lad and 4088, and Hero 4th 4890.

**W. M. GRAHAM**, Rochester, Oakland Co., Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**W. M. WHITEFIELD & SONS**, Lakeside Stock Farm, Waterford, Oakland Co., Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**W. M. & ALEX. McPHERSON**, Howell, Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

**W. M. & ALEX. McPHERSON**, Howell, Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bates bull Barons, Belle Bates 4741, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victor, Stapleton Lass, Selma and Bright Eyes. Young stock for sale. Write for prices. 030-551

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**W. M. & ALEX. McPHER**



## Poetry.

## THE GREAT AND THE SMALL.

There is no unimportant thing,  
No little thing in Heaven's plan;  
Every atom is the smallest link  
That binds the great and the small.  
The greatest weal and woe to man  
The deeds we do in solitude,  
And deem them little and of no account,  
But work for ill or good—  
An influence o'er the world extend.  
You, more, each careless thought we think—  
The thought that quickly comes and goes  
Is some fine-wrought mysterious link  
Within a chain God only knows.  
One act affects all other acts;  
One life does every other mold;  
As every atom made attracts  
All other atoms we are told.  
The breeze so faint we scarcely feel  
The slightest movement in the air,  
Doth silently and softly steal,  
Transforming nature everywhere.  
And acts that memory soon escapes,  
We seek their impress on the mind,  
Do secretly and surely shape  
The destinies of all mankind.  
—Phillip Burroughs Strong.

## THE BEGGAR'S PLEA.

Who hungers is not always lowly born,  
Nor base of mind that begs a crust of bread,  
Nath not the sacred Bard of Israel said,  
"The poor are always with you." Let not scorn  
Live in your heart for him that is forlorn—  
To dream not how his wronged heart hath bled,  
Nor from what height descended—him ye fed  
May have a soul of Shakespeare's lineage born.  
Who hunger shames his manhood not, if he  
Makes known his want to who hath much and spare;  
The gift of one fair deed of charity  
Counts more in heaven than twenty thousand prayers,  
And ye, in that torn garb of beggary  
May entertain an angel unaware.  
—Leonard Wheeler.

## Miscellaneous.

## SUSAN SMART, BUTTONHOLE MAKER.

Susan Smart sat down after tea, and glanced around her tidy apartment with an air of satisfaction.  
"But, dear me," she finally sighed, "it's all very nice, but a woman that's been workin' buttonholes all day wants a change. There's no denyin' it, I would like to go out nights. But I always feel so timid like, except when I am goin' to prayer meeting. Then I'm bold as a lion. I s'pose it's conscience that's backin' me an' I ain't afraid."  
While Susan was thus meditating over her moral interior there was a knock at the door. She opened it and saw a large, good-looking, smiling, middle-aged gentleman.  
"Miss Susan Smart, buttonhole maker, I saw it at the door," he promptly began.  
"Yes, sir, that's me."  
"Miss Susan Smart, I was directed here to see a room. The janitor said you would escort me."  
"Yes, sir; walk in, please, sir, while I find a match. You will find it a nice room, sir."  
"It is like this, it is," said the gentleman with emphasis. "But I must observe, madam, it cannot be. A woman's room is unimpeachable. It has its own aroma, essence of womanhood, we may say, that cannot be counterfeited."  
"I think the trouble with men's rooms is their boots," said Susan in muffled tones from the closet, where she was getting some matches. "You know old leather will smell."  
"Pardon me, Miss Susan, but I corrected myself, or your remark would be most appropriate. Aroma—a smell, essence of womanhood—that indescribable something or other that pertains to the sex."  
"Yes, sir," said Susan meekly, lighting a candle.  
"Now, if you were not here, Miss Susan, I would know this was a woman's room," continued the gentleman, who had seated himself comfortably in Susan's rocking chair.  
"Oh, yes, sir; you mean my thimble and the hairpins. It is so hard to keep them in my head." Susan stooped to pick up a hairpin from the hearth.  
"Yes, a thimble. There is nothing so touching as a thimble, associated as it is with all those homely duties which make so dear to us the mother, the sister, the wife."  
"Indeed, it is very useful. I never could get along without one in buttonholes. Though tailors don't use them, their fingers are so horny-like."  
"Do you know, madam," said the gentleman, "it has always given me pain that a woman should sustain herself by her own exertions? The sex should be shielded."  
"Laws, sir!" Susan sat down on the edge of a chair with a lighted candle in her hand. "I don't mind it a bit. I wouldn't know what to do with myself without my buttonholes. They're using the buttonhole machines, but I can't bring myself to believe it'll ever take the place of fingers. You see buttonholes ain't like other kinds of sewing," continued Susan, warming with her subject. "They kind of work upon the mind, and your thoughts fly with the thread until it actually seems as if you worked them in with the stitches." Susan's face brightened with pride. "Machines can't even do that."  
"Oh, laws, sir!"  
"Yes, you are. Poets always get their thoughts mixed up in that way. I know—I've written a book myself."  
"You, sir?" cried Susan, admiringly, holding up her lighted candle as if to get a better look. "Are you a poet?"  
"Oh, no. I never wrote poetry—that is, except once during the absence of my dear dead and gone wife, when I wrote a poem beginning—  
"Return, my dear consort, return,  
And let me no longer complain.  
My book is entitled 'The Foot and Mouth Disease.' But it's a strange fact, when you see you get a pen in your hand and

work with your thoughts until they run off in print, it gives you a wonderful insight into all these matters. You'll find that out if you try it."  
Susan blushed modestly at the mere suggestion.  
"But, bless me, time flies!" He sprang from the chair, and Susan and her candle led the way. Evidently he was a gentleman accustomed to comfort. He tried the easy-chair, sat on the bed, bouncing up and down to test the springs, opened the bureau drawers and peered into the wardrobe.  
"It is a comfortable room. I shall be well satisfied. By the way, will you be kind enough to ask the janitor's wife to place a jug of hot water at my door every morning at seven."  
"Who shall I say, sir?" suggested Susan timidly.  
"Bless me, I haven't told you my name. There is my card," and looking over her shoulder he read in a loud voice: "William Henderson Pennant." That is the way I have it in my book. A nom de plume seems silly in a man. You see the way I happened to become an author was this: I was visiting my cousin, the Hon. Henderson Pennant, in England. Perhaps you've heard of him?"  
Susan blushed to say no.  
"Well, some of my Orange County neighbors wanted me to study up the complaint, which I did, and embodied my ideas in a book. It has been very well received. I have had some copies bound for presentation, in red with gilt borders, and I'll be proud to present you with one. It looks well on a center table."  
After this visit Susan found it impossible to compose her thoughts. "There is no doubt he belongs to the aristocracy, and so free to talk with me. A jug of hot water at 7. Exactly what they say in books. Only in England they never wait until 9. They're a lazy set, I'm John Bull. I'll fill it myself when I'm washing dishes. That shiftless Mary Jane will never have it in time."  
The next day an expressman brought a trunk and hat box.  
"No wonder men's rooms are so skimpy looking," Susan thought from behind her curtains. "They haven't any things. I'd go wild if I hadn't a sewing machine, a bird cage or something. Even my piece bag is company when I sort it out."  
Cheerful noises arose from her neighbor's new quarters, and Susan chuckled to herself.  
"Now it is kind of nice to hear somebody whistling and walking heavily through the halls, and oh, if he should smoke a cigar!"  
Susan's gesture implied a rapture paper cannot express.  
"He's a buster, an' slick as grease," said Mary Jane, the janitor's wife.  
Mary Jane made no fine distinction between buttonholes and chamber-work, although Susan endeavored to indicate the line which separated them by a certain frosty chill in her own manner.  
"Pardon, Miss Susan Smart, if you are going my way I hope you'll permit me to walk by your side. It grows late."  
"Indeed I wouldn't think of running out nights alone except to prayer-meeting, and that's laid on as a duty."  
"To prayer meeting. Well! well! I haven't been to prayer meeting since I was a boy. I would really like to go again, if you will let me. When a youth I always went with my mother."  
Susan blushed under her bonnet and wondered what the folks would say. She went down the aisle, followed by her companion, with a face like a peony. The attendance being rather faithful than large, the advent of a stranger and so large a one, too, of the other sex, caused some turning of heads and nodding of bonnets. Of this Henderson Pennant was calmly unconscious. He leaned back in his seat, threw back his head, folded his arms, and fixed his eyes on the preacher. As usual the singing was painfully precise, but Henderson Pennant put on his glasses, and with his big heavy voice led the quavering company gallantly through the great treble another down his face, which he unhesitatingly dried with his handkerchief.  
"It does a man good, Miss Susan Smart," he said, after prayer meeting, and Susan had placed her arm timidly in his, feeling more helpless than she had ever felt in all her life. "It does a man good to remember he was once a boy at his mother's side, and to live over his days of innocence."  
"Oh, dear, sir. I don't think you could have been so very bad, you know the hymn tunes so well."  
He beamed down benignantly on Susan head, but said: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, you know."  
The walk home was perfectly delightful. Henderson Pennant poured into her ear the stories of his family and youth, until she felt that she had been really taken into the connection, the English relatives included. Susan went to her glass and looked at herself in astonishment.  
It was remarkable after this how many things each found could not be done alone. During his long widowhood Henderson Pennant had learned to be very useful with a needle and thread in catching a button and taking a stitch in a glove. Now he carried them to Susan with an appealing air of helplessness. If Mr. Pennant were going out Susan would trip after him lightly to get him to drop a letter in a box. When Mr. Pennant had a cold she made him a hot lemonade, which was really the most agreeable task she ever performed. When Susan nervously coughed Henderson Pennant declared she had a cold and insisted on carrying her

work to the shop himself, while Susan watched him with a smiling face, and even waved her hand to him as he crossed the street.  
"I never could have imagined men were so convenient," she said to herself.  
"Te-he!" said Mary Jane from her window, poking her head in the door. "They're spakin' an' they don't know it."  
"Won't you be kind enough, Mr. Pennant, to tell me how many times 67 goes in 600?" Susan lifted her worried face from the paper as her neighbor entered to beg a little hot water.  
"I'm so bad at figures. We worked ten hours to-day and I've made 67 buttonholes. We're a sort of curiosity to know how long it takes to make a buttonhole."  
"Certainly. It will give me great pleasure to cipher it for you. Multiplication is vexatious. Division is as bad, in fact it's worse, and especially for women." With his head on one side, and an eye shut, Henderson Pennant gave his mind to the problem.  
"I thank you, sir. I'm so glad to know. But isn't it wonderful you can divide up such a little thing as a minute that way?"  
"It is, in truth. But if it had only come out even it would have been easier. There is a satisfaction in round numbers. It seems to belong to our deepest feelings. But," continued the good man, wiping his brow. "Suppose to clear our brains we should go to the theatre this evening, or are your principles against it? I would not like to urge it in that case."  
"I hadn't thought about it, but I don't think they are," answered Susan, meditatively.  
Susan could hardly tie on her bonnet straight in her agitation. It was a glorious evening, they laughed until they cried, and cried until they sobbed at the appointed places, walking home with swollen faces, and sides elbow-punctured in a sort of ecstasy.  
This evening's entertainment lasted some days.  
"It has occurred to me, my friend," said Mr. Pennant, "that our mutual sympathy increased our appreciation and enjoyment."  
"Indeed it did, sir. I'm sure it was a comfort to me to nudge you when I liked anything in particular, and to have you nudge back."  
"Then we will repeat the enjoyment at intervals if you like."  
"O, I should be so pleased, but I couldn't think of troubling you. But," Susan hesitated, "I'd like to go often if you'd let me pay my own way."  
Henderson Pennant was shocked. His chivalrous ideas about women forbade their handling money. But Susan staunchly held her own. The days thus became even more varied and interesting.  
One evening Mr. Pennant came into Susan's bright and cozy room holding a glove in his hand. Susan took it from him comely.  
"You must have a new pair, Mr. Pennant. Last time I thought the kid was getting tender."  
Without waiting to be invited Mr. Pennant seated himself on the other side of Susan's work-table. There was the calmness of habit about his movements. In fact, they often spent their evenings thus, he reading aloud while she worked. Susan thought Mr. Pennant read "just beautiful." Although Susan did not understand much that he read, the clear, resonant voice, particularly of enunciation, and the long high-sounding words made a delightful accompaniment to her swiftly flying needle.  
He laid down the book after reading some minutes.  
"That is a very profound remark."  
Susan listened as he read it again.  
"Man in his journey toward the illimitable is lighted on his perilous way by the beacon-like radiance of the domestic hearth, and sustained by the frailer hand of woman. How beautiful and true!"  
"Yes," said Susan, "I've noticed that these wily little women often have the strongest hands. I haven't much of a grip myself, but in button-holes you don't need it."  
Susan looked up, but her neighbor was silently gazing into the fire. Then she remembered the hearth and got up to brush away the ashes.  
"The beacon light of the domestic hearth," he repeated.  
Susan picked up some kindling and threw it on the coals.  
"I like a bit of a blaze myself, and was lucky in getting some nice fat pine."  
The flames sprang up and set the room aglow.  
A rap at the door was followed by Mary Jane.  
"Laws, Susan Smart, I thought the room was a fire. Good evening, Mr. Pennant. I didn't see you afore."  
Mary Jane seated herself with easy familiarity in Susan's chair. Susan didn't mind the chair, but she really felt that, in consideration of Mr. Pennant's presence, Mary Jane might have stood. Mr. Pennant was shocked at Mary Jane's manner. He rose with dignity and begged Miss Susan Smart to take his seat.  
"Now both of you," said Mary Jane, kindly, "jis' sit down and make yourselves comfortable. I've got something to tell you. I do declare you look so homely, it does seem a pity to disturb you. Do you know you've both got to clear out of this house?"  
"Mrs. Timpon?"  
"Mary Jane Timpon?"  
"Sure as shootin' you've both got to clear out; all of us. Smith's 'goin' to take down every stone and put 'em up again into a fine new buildin' as shall be an ornament," says he, 'Mrs. Timpon.' Susan and Mr. Pennant each sat down in the most convenient chair, "struck all of a heap," as Mary Jane told Timpon.  
"Yes," said the relentless woman, "ye'll both have to clear out. 'Mrs. Timpon,' says he, 'operations will have to begin immedy.'"  
"Where shall we go?" said Mr. Pennant helplessly to Susan.  
"What shall we do?" cried Susan despairingly back to Mr. Pennant.  
Henderson Pennant braced up.  
"I'll go out to-morrow and hunt some place for us."

"Ye can't," said Mary Jane stolidly.  
"May I ask, Mrs. Timpon, why I can't?"  
"Ye'll make folks talk. They won't take you, comin' singlewise."  
"Is this world then so censorious?" The question was not addressed to Mary Jane, nevertheless she remarked:  
"It's the bestest place to talk I ever got into."  
"Oh, it would never do," faltered Susan.  
"Do you mean we'll have to separate, Miss Susan Smart?"  
Susan nodded sadly.  
"Bless me. How inconvenient."  
"I know it, sir."  
"Don't ye go in, Timpon!" Mary Jane grasped the janitor's arm in the hall. "I've broke it to 'em and their 'goin' on would kill ye to hear. Leave 'em alone, I say, and they'll find out themselves that they're been keepin' company. They don't know it more'n two babes. I tried to put it out."  
They went sadly about all the next day. In the evening they had agreed to go to the theatre. There they were more tearfully affected than ever. They cried even when they should have laughed.  
Suddenly, at the most pathetic moment, Henderson Pennant laughed aloud. Susan lifted her face out of her dripping handkerchief in astonishment. Mr. Pennant laughed all the more.  
"It's such an idea," said he, in a loud whisper. "Strange that I never thought of it before." Susan could scarcely wait until the play was over.  
"Why, Susan," said he, as he tucked her under his arm. "We'll get married. Queer I never thought of it before. It will solve all our difficulties, and so simple a solution. You are so much more thoughtful I wonder it didn't occur to you."  
"Oh, it did, sir, but I wouldn't think of mentioning it," said the honest Susan.  
"Well, it's no matter now. That's settled. We'll attend to it to-morrow."  
"But I haven't anything," Susan stammered.  
"Tut—tut, never mind, my dear. Afterward we'll go out and buy something."  
The rapid march of events quite took away Susan's presence of mind, but it is needless to say Mary Jane was equal to the emergency, and was the presiding genius at the wedding.  
"I do declare, Timpon," she said as Mr. and Mrs. Henderson Pennant drove away. "I do declare them two innocents would have gone on settin' up stairs purrin' polite like and contented to each other until the end of the chapter, and he'd gone down to the judgment Susan Smart, Buttonhole Maker, if I hadn't stepped in like Providence himself."  
—Toronto Globe.

## REV. ELDERBERRY'S VACATION.

The Rev. Jonas Elderberry had preached in Flintville twenty years, and had never had a vacation. Sickness and death had caused him to miss a few Sundays now and then, and after much deliberation, not entirely free from acrimony, the church had decided on each of these occasions not to deduct anything from his salary, a concession which was thought very generous, as he received \$700 a year, and the parsonage rent free. Still these brief respites from labor were not vacations. Though a quiet man, Mr. Elderberry was not without ambitions and dreams. He sometimes wrote short articles and poetry, which appeared in magazines and newspapers under the veil of "J. E." and were pronounced by the editors "imaginative." So it was not strange that he often fancied himself and his little wife, Matilda, going on a real vacation, and looking upon the mountains and the sea. But these dreams were like others he had of owning a reliable gold watch instead of the ridiculous silver turnip that ticked away like a town clock in his pocket, or of owning a home of which he could speak proudly as "my house." In his sober moments—and most of his life was very sober indeed—he never expected to have any of these dreams realized.  
The children that had come to the parsonage had all died in infancy, and perhaps that was the reason that there was almost always some one stopping there. All the cousins came, even to the fourth and fifth degrees, and some reduced to their lowest terms, so to speak; and this abundant hospitality cost something, in spite of the fact that Mrs. Elderberry was the maid of all work; and so, notwithstanding the seven hundred a year, and an occasional \$5 from some editor, Mr. Elderberry's only bank stock was a few hundred in what was called expressively, "back salary."  
Flintville, though, an old place, was little more than one long street, lined with white houses, well hidden from the road by honey-suckle and poplars. The Orthodox Meeting-house had received sundry coats of paint; but, in other respects, was just as it was the first time Mr. Elderberry entered it. The people were conservative, and the orthodox were the most conservative in the place; so they quietly ignored the smart little pine box, called "The Church," which had sprung up on one side of them, and the squat brick building around the corner, called the Hallelujah Chapel, and resisted innovations.  
The Rev. Julius Surplice, rector of "The Church," took a vacation in July, but as he was an unmarried man, it was supposed he spent the time with his parents. As for the chapel, its minister came and went too often to need a vacation; while in Flintville, as Mr. Elderberry's sermons, it was known that he wrote them; but any male member of his flock, if asked his opinion of such labor, would have said: "It must be easy enough to sit in the house, and write things out of your head if you have been in college." As for the women, while they considered sermon-writing too deep for the female mind, they yet considered it something of the nature of women's work, not a definite business, but an occupation to be taken up at odd moments, as knitting or patchwork, when nothing more was going on.

"Nature cannot endure everlasting dropping," and Mr. Elderberry had twice asked for a vacation, without success, when Mr. Whitaker, of Chicago, after doing something sharp in corn, sent his wife to Flintville to visit her father, Deacon Billings. "I never heard of a minister's preaching through August!" she exclaimed, lifting her bejeweled hands. And the next Saturday the long desired vacation was granted, although Squire Pogg opposed it, saying if he hired a man to hoe corn he did not expect him to skip every other row.  
"Where shall we go, Matilda?" said Mr. Elderberry, the next morning.  
"We!" exclaimed Mrs. Elderberry, tremulously. "It's your vacation, Jonas. I—I don't see how I can leave. There's the hens, and the house, and the mission-ary bed-quilt; and Cousin Alzina liable to come any day."  
"My dear," said Mr. Elderberry, with full eyes, "if I go anywhere, you shall accompany me."  
Thursday evening came; but Mr. Elderberry had not succeeded in obtaining a cent from the "back salary." He had been asked exactly fifty-two times where he was going, and when he would start; and there was in his pocket-book fifteen dollars and seventy-five cents.  
"Tilda," he said, coaxingly, "let's go and see Sister Martha."  
Though Mrs. Martha Tucker had been like a daughter in Mr. Elderberry's father's house, she had been the child of his mother's sister. She had been married five years when he wedded Matilda, and had soon after visited them at the parsonage. When she had invited them to come and see her, Mr. Elderberry had always intended to do so; but the Tucker farm was forty miles away across the hills, the stage fare was an item to be considered, and his wife always received his remarks on the subject in silence. Without much thought about the matter, he had concluded that Matilda was prejudiced against his adopted sister, and was secretly vexed; for Martha was the only one of his many relatives who had not demanded some favor from him.  
"I don't want to go a courting," said Mrs. Elderberry, with unconscious sarcasm.  
"You've never had a chance," said Mr. Elderberry, dryly. "But we've got to leave town before Sunday. We will only stay a few days, and I think Martha will be glad to see us."  
Mr. Tucker's desire to accumulate money, with his wife's desire to be known as a perfect housekeeper, had never been checked by childish fingers, and Mrs. Tucker's naturally unsympathetic temper had hardened into something very frosty indeed. To unpin her nice beds, and have her chairs thrust into new places, above all to have extra cooking going on, and her orderly plans frustrated, irritated her. If she had known her cousins were coming, she would have schooled herself a little; but, as it was, she saw them descend from the stage with ill-concealed dismay, and greeted them with the exclamation: "I never did!" "I wish I had brought my sermon on fulfilling of the law," said Mr. Elderberry that night to his wife. "Martha says that Zeland Vodecker preaches at East Gypsum. I remember him, and I think he keeps up his Hebrew." But the next morning Mr. Tucker hitched up his coat, and with his wife started for the postoffice three miles away. It was noon when they returned, so the absence of the sermon on the law was of no consequence. In the meantime, the maid of all work had gone out to visit the wife of the hired man, and in her hurry, had left the kitchen open. The hens took advantage of the opportunity, and hopped in quietly, till the place was full of them. By some curious instinct, Mrs. Tucker divined their presence the moment she entered the house. "There's folks who wouldn't hear a whole menagerie in the next room!" she exclaimed, scornfully, after a vigorous use of the broom. "It's precious few times I've ever been away from home; but when I have I've worked myself to skin and bones!"  
At bottom Mrs. Elderberry was a very determined woman, and when she said that evening, "Jonas, I shall take the stage to-morrow for Flintville," her husband knew better than to oppose her. Two days afterward, when he had resolved to follow her, he received the following note from her:  
"You must contrive, dear Jonas, to remain away from home the four Sundays. In the Orthodox organ for this week it says: 'Mr. Jonas Elderberry, the pastor of that bulwark of the faith, the Flintville Church, is spending his vacation trout fishing. All our pastors cannot, we know, enjoy this diversion; but let each one draw near to nature's heart instead of hunting up some pulpit to supply while his church has generously given him time to rest.'"  
"In the Flintville Clarion is the following: 'We have understood from parties qualified, it would seem, to give information on the subject, that our highly esteemed townsman, Mr. Elderberry, unless some unusual circumstance should expedite his return, will spend his vacation in the exercise of the piscatorial art.'"  
After spending the night in painful consideration, Mr. Elderberry determined to go to East Gypsum, and find a cheap boarding place, where, free from the distractions that beset the parsonage, he might write out some verses that were ringing in his head, and thus pay expenses. He had weeded onions all day Monday, and stemmed currants all day Tuesday, and felt that in a sense he had paid his board. But he was conscious that Mr. Tucker, and possibly Martha, felt that he was, as they phrased it, "living on them," and to remain longer was impossible.  
"I s'pose you'll have a vacation every year, now your church has got started," said Mr. Tucker, when Mr. Elderberry announced his intended departure. You can board cheap, or work for your board, if you want to. I'd take ye. I sh'd think 'twould do ye good to git up an' stir 'round after takin' it easy a year."  
Arrived at East Gypsum, Mr. Elderberry was directed to the house of Mrs. Mullen, who, it was said, desired one more boarder. He was met at the door by an elderly woman, who proved to be Mrs. Mullen, Senior.  
"Board? Yes. Professional man?"

Yes," said the old lady, in a high staccato voice, as she led the way up stairs. "We may suit, and we may not. Julia, my son's wife, gives lessons. P'raps you'll find out one of these days what sons' wives are. When she ain't banging the piano, or the children ain't, the scholars are. The piano's just under this room." She opened the door of a torrid chamber.  
"There's two sets o' twins, and one odd, and they rampage all over the house. That's Julia's idea of government. The young man in the room back of this is learning the horn, an' when he's home—he's always in evenings—he practices, or reads out loud for his elocution. Probably you want a cool room? H'm! Well, this room'd bake an egg after dinner fronts west, and there's a tin roof. Another one of Julia's ideas. Our price is \$5. I think she wants to rent this room; but you'd better come in later and see her."  
Mr. Elderberry did not return to Mrs. Mullen's, and, after long wandering, found a little room in a house owned by two quiet spinners. But the lot was narrow, and on one side was a mule-don, on the other were four girls and a dulcimer. In vain did Mr. Elderberry attempt literary composition. The mule-don wheezed, while the dulcimer kept up a monotonous "Pink-a-punk! Pink-a-punk! Pink-a-punk! A pink! A pink!"  
When a week had passed, having only a dollar and four cents left, Mr. Elderberry set out for home on foot. He had on his old clothes, but the ministerial cut was unmistakable, and the old farmer who overtook him, asked, dryly, "Hew a lift, Elder? I'm goin' your way."  
"Hev the dumbest kind o' work a gittin' help!" he grumbled, when Mr. Elderberry had accepted his offer. "An I've work for two men in the hopyard, an' there's a sight o' cumberers spillin' to be picked 'fore they're too big for the pickle factory."  
"I wish you'd hire me to pick cumberers," said Mr. Elderberry.  
The old man laughed, incredulously; and then Mr. Elderberry told him his whole story, at which the old man laughed again, and engaged him on the spot for a dollar a day.  
When Mr. Elderberry returned to Flintville his cheeks were brown and his step was brisk, and he received many congratulations on the good his fishing excursion had done him; but Squire Pogg spent Thanksgiving with friends near Gypsum, and the next week a committee waited on the pastor.  
"We consider you've brung disgrace on us an' the cause," said the Squire, severely, when he had detailed what he had heard. "The best thing you kin do is to resign."  
When Mr. Elderberry had told the story of his vacation, and had explained that the money he had earned in the cucumber field had part of it gone to swell the church missionary accounts, the committee were mollified; but there was still a rankling feeling that he had disgraced the church. The winter passed, and spring was blossoming into summer, when Flintville was electrified by the news that Mr. Elderberry had a call to Gypsum Center, and was offered eighteen hundred dollars and a parsonage.  
"It's all come of that old Scran he worked for on the Mile Strip, last summer," said Squire Pogg to Deacon Harp. "Scran's son's deacon in the Gypsum Church. I seen the old feller last week, an' sez he, I never had a man on the place that put in the likes Elderberry did, sez he; an' when you want to drive your preacher, Mr. Chubb, out o' town, sez he, send him up to me."  
"My-eh-ah!" ejaculated Deacon Harp, with an expressive shake of the head. "If he can't go to his father's or his father-in-law's, or—some-ers respectable, Mr. Chubb won't git no vacation.—Independent."

**TRICKS ON THE TRACKS!**  
Dangers from which Engineers Save the Public and Themselves.  
The Railway Review.  
One who is accustomed to railway traveling can scarcely realize how much he is dependent for safety upon the engineer. Added to the responsibility of their station, engineers are also in constant danger of accidents caused by the tricks of jealous rivals.  
This rivalry, it is said, sometimes prompts to the doing of utterly mean tricks. A Nickle Plate engineer after his very first trip was laid off because he had "cut out" all the bearings of his engine. He was re-instated, however, after he proved that some rival had filled his oiling can with emery. Another new engineer was suspended for burning out the flues of his boiler. Through grief at the loss of his position he died, and then a conscience-stricken rival confessed that he had put oil in the tank so that it foamed, and showed water at the top gauge, when in reality there was scarcely a quart in the boiler!  
These intense jealousies, together with the terrible anxiety incident to their work, has a terrible straining effect on the nerve, and statistics tell us that, though locomotive engineers may look strong and vigorous, they are not all a hearty class. Ex-Chief Engineer A. S. Hampton, of Indianapolis, Ind. (Div. 143), was one of those apparently hearty men, but he says: "The anxiety, strain and jolting came in catarrh of the bladder, but he used Warner's safe cure faithfully for twenty weeks and now exclaims, 'I am a well man.'" T. S. Ingraham, of Cleveland, Ohio, assistant Chief engineer, and other prominent members are also victims of its ills.  
The Locomotive Engineers' Brotherhood has 17,000 members and 240 divisions. Its headquarters is in Cleveland, Ohio, where Chief Engineer Arthur Fox, twenty years has exercised almost dictatorial sway. It was organized in August, 1883, by the employees of the Michigan Central. It has given nearly two million dollars to the widows and orphans of deceased members.  
**Duplicating Diamonds.**  
A notorious New York diamond thief who went to London and purchased in Hatton Garden a magnificent stone weighing about 124 carats, paid between \$7,000 and \$8,000 for it, writes a correspondent. He then made his way to Paris, and put the stone in the hands of the best maker of paste goods, and ordered thirty fac-similes of it. He then had the whole of them mounted in rings of exactly the same design. In London are many large pawnbrokers who lend sums of \$5,000 and upward for short terms—fourteen days or so—at one-half or three-quarters per cent. He left the original ring with each of them in turn, took it out again and replaced it two or three times until they were well acquainted with him and the gem.  
One Saturday, which is their busy day, he rushed round to the whole collection and left one of the imitations for sum ranging from \$4,000 to \$6,000. He placed twenty-eight in all. They possibly did not examine them closely, as he was well known, and his appearance and manners were calculated to ward off suspicion. The shrewdest pawnbroker in London were taken in by this scheme. The Attenboroughs (this family have about eight establishments) have five of these rings, the Russells had three, and so forth.  
A much cleverer, though not such an extensive scheme, was worked in Paris in 1878 by a notorious French chemist of industry. He had a magnificent stone, worth 30,000 francs, of which he also had an imitation made and set in the same manner as the original. He then went to the most extensive retail jeweler then, and handing him the genuine gem in a ring, asked him how much he would charge to reset it in a combination setting, or a setting where the stone could be used as a ring, scarf-pin and stud. The jeweler named an amount, which he said was much more than he wished to spend, as the stone was only an imitation and not worth the outlay.  
The jeweler was astonished to hear that the fine stone he had in his hand was an imitation, and, testing it lightly, ascertained the owner that it was a real diamond. At this the sharper laughed and stated that he had bought it in Baden-Baden from a gambler out of luck for 250 francs, and that the jeweler must be mistaken. He willingly left it until next day for further testing. When he came the following day the jeweler assured him that it was a real diamond (as he well knew), and to back his opinion offered to give him 25,000 francs for it. The sharper still asserted that the jeweler was mistaken, but agreed to sell it for that price on condition that he would not be held responsible if it was afterward discovered to be an imitation.  
This was agreed to and a document was drawn up by which the jeweler agreed to give 25,000 francs for the ring, and to hold the vender, who had bought it as and still believed it an imitation, not responsible after the sale. The transaction was concluded in the presence of witnesses.  
Just before the money was paid over and the ring delivered, the sharper skillfully submitted the imitation and palmed the diamond. In a few days afterward, when the fraud was discovered, although the sharper was still on the spot, the duped had no remedy, as, in the document he had signed, he agreed to purchase the stone whether imitation or not.  
If this proves a chestnut I will pay the customary fine. It represents a little domestic scene in Cincinnati.  
"Rebecca," the old lady shouted up the stairs, "was you goin' to be darty!"  
"Yes, murther," answered Rebecca.  
"Was you gettin' ready?" inquired the old lady.  
"Yes, murther," replied Rebecca; "I'll wash for a high neck or a low neck dress!"  
A scientist says that a very strong solution of salt applied boiling hot will preserve wood. It is important to those whose wood pile has to be protected with a spring gun.







